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WHOLE NO. 48.

TERMS
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Written for Cooper's Clarksbury Register.

ALPHONZO OF CASTILE.

BY MARIANNE TAYLOR.

The sea, the sea, the moonlit sea!
How calm, how beautiful the scene!
A weather shore upon her lee—
A bark in safety glides.

The full moon had just arose above the edge of the horizon, and her mild beams fell in rich splendor on the gently undulating bosom of the blue Atlantic, whose sparkling billows broke, with a low musical murmur, upon the verdant coast of Florida. The city of St. Augustine lay spread out in quiet beauty along the indented shore, its lofty domes, dizzy spires, and bright minarets, glittering in the rich light like some enchanted spot in fairyland. Numberless gay boats and gondolas glided slowly over the calm waters, filled with young and gay of both sexes, while the rich tones of the lute and guitar floated on the spicy breeze, and falling upon the ear in soft sweet cadence, seemed to steep the senses of the listener in elysium.

"Ah, there is the Spanish governor of Florida, and his bright-eyed daughter," said a handsome young man as he sprang to his feet, and pointed toward a superb gondola, which was rapidly approaching. "How matchless are the graces of the lady Inez!" he continued, enthusiastically. "How perfect in form and feature; but all these are far inferior to her mental accomplishments; and her wisdom and knowledge as far exceeds the major portion of her sex, as the broad Atlantic exceeds this small bay."

"You are an enthusiast, Monrivo," said a surly dark-eyed Spaniard, as he gently smoothed his formidable mustache, and glanced a look of hatred toward the object of their conversation. "She may be handsome," he continued, "but amiable, she cannot be, or she does not resemble her father. The surly old villain has sent to Spain for aid to capture the pirate Alphonzo, I hear—but let him try that game, if he dares, and my word for it, he will sorely repent his precipitancy."

"Peace, Montford; see, they approach. Besides, I have heard it reported that you secretly corresponded with that lawless marauder who plunders our ships upon the high seas with impunity. I would therefore advise you to avoid such treasonable language, for if it should meet the ears of the governor, your fate would be sealed. But see, they approach!" and the young man bowed low, as the occupant of the gondola saluted him.

Alphonzo, the Spanish governor, was a tall, well proportioned man, evidently beyond the meridian of life. His countenance was stern and forbidding, his manners stiff and formal; and his whole demeanor better calculated to inspire awe than to create esteem. His daughter, then in her twenty-fifth year, was the very reverse of this. Her stature was of the medium height, and so symmetrically proportioned, that her seemed the standard by which all female forms should be measured. Her features were decidedly Roman, but chaste and harmonious; her hair a deep rich brown, her eyes a rich hazel, and beaming with soft sensibility, and anon sparkling with animation and wit. Her manners were bland, kind and affectionate, and no person came within the influence of her attractions, but owned that she was irresistible; and the lowliest son of toil, felt as unrestrained in her presence, as did the proudest scion of nobility. Her heart was the seat of every kindly virtue, every pure and holy sentiment, and her disposition was high and joyous as the favorite parrot, or the sporting gazelle that received its daily food from her hand.

"A pleasant evening this, gents," she said, with her usual merry smile. "Ah, Signor Monrivo, is that you? Well, I am glad you are here, for father and myself are going out in pursuit of the marauder Alphonzo, who has so long defied queen Isabella's power. And you, Signor, shall accompany us, and see me capture the freebooter."

"Methinks if any person in the world could make a captive of Alphonzo, that person is the lady Inez," said the Spaniard, with sudden animation, as the light silvery laugh of the fair girl died away. "She started as the voice of the Spaniard reached her ear, and her quick penetrating glance, rested upon him for a moment, and her voice trembled and sunk almost to a whisper as she murmured, 'no, it cannot be.'"

"Suffer me to be your gondolier, noble Signor," said Montford, as he sprang in to the governor's boat. "The night is a glorious one, and I am a skillful rower, and we will venture out upon the Atlantic, and witness the gambols of the dolphins as they sport beneath the moonbeams."

"Come along, Monrivo," said Inez playfully, "and if we cannot find Alphonzo, I will sing you the old ballad of Kiddy's adventure with the Phantom Lady of the Lake, and thus lighten our disappointment in not being able to catch a

glimpse of this celebrated rover of the deep."

"You would oblige me by not naming that miscreant in my presence again, Inez," said Alphonzo sternly. "You have encountered the desperado once in your life, and were almost frightened out of your senses, and I think you should not wish a repetition of his appearance."

"Nay, father, you mistake. It was not me but my comrades who were frightened. Alphonzo was not an object to inspire dread, and the far-famed knight of Castile could not have knelt with more courteous reverence before the throne of Isabella of Spain, than did his namesake the pirate chief before her cousin Inez Almagro."

A dark frown gathered over the haughty features of Almagro, as his daughter concluded, and his teeth clenched violently as he fiercely muttered:
"If there is powder enough in Spain, that wretch shall swing from a gibbet before the year is ended, or Venusta Almagro will have ceased to breathe."

CHAPTER II.

Return, return, Alphonzo said,
And tell your queen for me,
If she reigns sovereign of the land,
I am sovereign of the sea.

The Spaniard Montford, had preserved an unbroken silence during the conversation, but the deep frown that always clouded his features, had gradually faded away, and a smile, as bright as the first flush of day, lighted up his countenance, as he turned to Almagro and said:

"I suppose, Signor, that Alphonzo should capture you instead of you capturing him. What then would you wish the pirate to do? Surely you would not have him deal by you, as you would have done by him, had your cases been reversed?"

"Whom have we here?" said the governor as he arose from his seat, and anxiously scanned the bright surface of the water. "A ship, as I live! Look at her snow white sails and gay rigging. See, her deck is crowded with war-like forms, and it must be one of her majesty's ships, which I ordered over to assist in bringing the robber Alphonzo to justice."

"Aye, and look at her black hull and blood-red flag," said Montford, as he seized the arm of the governor, and shook him violently. "Faith, it is a noble sight, and the cabin of the good ship Cesar will soon be graced by his lordship, the count Almagro."

"My God! Is the pirate?" murmured Montford.
"It is the pirate!" said Almagro, as pale with terror, he cast an eager look upon his daughter, and then gazed in fearful suspense upon the ship, which was fast approaching them.

"Heave to!" was shouted in a hoarse, gruff voice, as the frail gondola ranged alongside the hostile craft; and overcome with fright, the Signor Almagro sunk down, pale and exhausted upon his seat, and covered his face with his trembling hands.

"Fear nothing, dear father," said Inez calmly. "If you could but look upon the lordly form and noble countenance of the pirate chief, methinks you would not despair. Nature has stamped upon his lofty brow, that unmistakable greatness of soul, which ever makes the brave and generous man, and few crowned heads in the old world dare assume the stately mein, and royal air, which characterize this rover of the deep."

"Fate I thou hast been kind beyond my brightest hopes!" said Montford, as he suddenly tore off the disguise which he had so carefully worn, and stood before the astonished spectators, clad in the rich habiliments for which the pirate chief was noted. The rich moonlight fell in soft radiance upon his classic features and marble brow. His vermilion lips were wreathed by a bright smile, as he witnessed the surprise of his companions, and his dark eyes beamed with delight as he beheld the lovely Inez, gazing upon him with a look of ineffable tenderness and admiration.

"Haste on board, Captain!" said the mate, as he adjusted his glass, and earnestly gazed upon the distant waters, whose crested waves rolled in deep volumes of rich spray over the dark and fathomless caverns of old Neptune's green domain, while the stormy petrel danced, like the airy down of the thistle, upon its ever rolling bosom; and flocks of sea gulls brushed with snowy wings the gathering foam, or rising in dense masses, uttered their wild, discordant cry, and sped away for some favorite spot.

"What do you see, Loretto?" asked the chief, as he assisted his prisoners to reach the deck of the Cesar.

"Two large ships, with Spanish colours flying at their mast heads. See, Captain, they have discovered us, and they are about giving us a broadside by way of salutation."

"Every man to his post! Crowd on all sail and bear down upon them, for our lives or theirs are the stakes for which we are to contend."

As the chief concluded, a loud convulsive roar burst upon the tranquil ear of night, and the dark waters foamed like a boiling caldron around the black hull of the Cesar, as the hostile balls fell like hail around her.

"Leave the deck, lady!" said the rover chief, as he approached Inez. "This is no place for one so lovely as thou. Those blood thirsty miscreants of despotism have not even demanded us to surrender, and if the Cesar sinks, she will only go down to herald the approach of her antagonists to Pluto's dark domains."

I will, with your permission, remain on deck, Signor," said Inez, firmly. My nerves are not easily shaken, and if needed, I can, perhaps, aid in defending our ship."

An angel is on our side, and victory will be ours!" shouted the pirate, as he

poured a murderous fire into the foremost vessel. A fearful crash followed the hissing chain shot, which played from the huge guns of the Cesar, and the vessel trembled, reeled and sunk, barely allowing time for the surviving crew to escape from the wreck.

Maddened by the loss of their comrades, the crew on board the remaining ship now redoubled their exertions, and for three hours the hostile vessels stood like two frowning volcanoes, pouring forth terrific sheets of flame and death, while dense clouds of smoke arose and flitted giant shadows over the bright disk of the moon, who seemed to veil her fair face behind the deadly curtains of battle, as if refusing to witness the dreadful strife.

The crew on board the Cesar had begun to falter in the struggle, and a cold shudder crept through the frame of Inez, as she thought of the fate of Alphonzo; but the joyful cry of "they have struck their colors!" at once dissipated her fears, and as her father once more made his appearance, she clasped his hand, and a tear of joy sparkled in the liquid depths of her bright eyes as she said, "Alphonzo still lives, is still safe!"

CHAPTER III.

I love thee, but I cannot bond
My pride to share thy low estate;
He must have fame, whom I would wed,
He must be good as well as great.

The pale grey dawn had assumed the roseate flush which hailed the approach of the gorgeous luminary of day. The captive Spaniards were all on board the Cesar, and at the ample board of the rover chief, the gay conversation, the sparkling wit and rosy wine, drove away from the minds of the captives the memory of their recent defeat, and among the nobles who had command of the vanquished vessels, the utmost hilarity prevailed, which was equally shared by Almagro, who, relaxing from his stern reserve, enlivened the company by a rehearsal of his capture by the pirate chief.

The chief sat near his fair captive, and his large brilliant eyes were riveted upon her intelligent countenance, as he eagerly listened to the low musical words which fell from her lips. Suddenly he arose, and paced the room for a minute with hasty steps, then as suddenly pausing, he said in a clear rich voice:

"Noble subjects of the royal Isabella. You have my permission to return to your queen, and tell her for me, that Alphonzo the pirate, equally scorns her love or hate. She rules the small kingdom of Spain, Alphonzo is lord of the boundless deep. Bid her beware how she enters his empire. Now depart. And you, noble Almagro, you shall be taken back to St. Augustine, where I will leave you, and if in after life you should hear the name of Alphonzo coupled with opprobrious epithets, pause before you join in condemning him, and reflect that he is the victim of royal persecution, and not the cold avaricious plunderer which he seems."

The Cesar was gliding rapidly toward the shore, and the sturdy crew were gazing upon the luxuriant verdure which crowned the rich coast of Florida, now glittering with pearl-like dew, and glowing with perennial beauty; and even as the light breeze, swept from the enameled shore, the breath of ten thousand odoriferous flowers and shrubs, breathed their rich breath upon its silken wings, "ill cheered with the grateful smell of ocean smelt, and seemed to roll his waves less hurried past, to inhale the sweet perfume."

On the fore-castle of his own gallant craft, stood the noble form of the pirate chief. His dark hair was gently lifted from his lofty brow by the playful breeze, but he heeded not its refreshing coolness. Buried in a deep reverie, he remained rooted to the spot, till the voice of Inez fell upon his ear, as she said:

"Why so sad, my chief? Why, you look as disconsolate as if you were a captive, instead of a conqueror."

"I am, indeed, a captive, and you are my captor. Oh, Inez, you have been the ruling star of my destiny for years. Yes, for many long and weary years I have hovered around, watched over and guarded you, when my disguises prevented you from recognizing the man who once saved you from savage hands, and conveyed you in safety back to the paternal roof, and will you now drive me from your presence, to linger out a wretched existence in hopeless despair?"

"My gratitude to you, Signor," said Inez, and her voice trembled. "My gratitude is deep and lasting; and deem me not indelicate when I tell you that I love you, and shall ever love you. But Inez Almagro cannot so far forget the long line of illustrious ancestors from which she descended, as to wed a man whose name is stigmatized as a robber and assassin. The boat is ready to convey us ashore, and with many thanks for your kindness, I must now bid you adieu."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

THE POTATO ROT IN MARYLAND.—The Rockville Journal states that the potato rot is general in Montgomery county, and thousands of bushels have been lost. One farmer estimates his loss at six hundred bushels, and other instances of like character are reported. Many will lose their entire crop. A letter from Hartford to the Cecil Whig says the rot is spreading in that country, and that many of the farmers on Deer Creek have lost their whole crop; some as high as 300 bushels. One, who for a number of years has been the most successful grower of the vegetable in the country, will lose a considerable part of his crop. The disease seems to be the most prevalent in the high lands; those in the low lands are very little injured.

Colored ladies are said to be the flowers born "to blush unseen." Invidious white folks!

From the Hutchinsons' Book of Songs.

UNCLE SAM'S FARM.

Of all the mighty nations in the East or in the West,
This glorious Yankee nation is the greatest and the best.

We have room for all creation, and our banner is unfurled,
With a general invitation to the people of the World.

Then come along, O come along, make no delay,
Come from every nation, come from every way;
Our lands they are broad enough, don't feel alarm.

For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm.

St. Lawrence is our Northern line, far's her waters flow,
And the Rio Grand our Southern bound, way down in Mexico;
While from the Atlantic ocean, where the sun begins to dawn,
We'll cross the Rocky Mountains far away to Oregon.

Then come along, etc.
While the South shall raise the cotton, and the West the corn and pork,
New England manufactures shall do up the finer work;

For the deep and flowing water-falls that course along our hills,
Are just the thing for washing sheep and driving cotton mills.

Then come along, etc.
Our fathers gave us liberty, but little did they dream
The grand results to follow in this mighty age of steam;
Our mountains, lakes, and rivers, are now in a blaze of fire,
While we send the news by lightning on the Telegraph wire.

Then come along, etc.
While Europe's in commotion, and her monarchs in a fret,
We're teaching them a lesson which they never shall forget;
And this they fast are learning, Uncle Sam is not a fool.

For the people do the voting, and the children go to school,
Then come along, etc.

The brave of every nation are joining heart and hand;
And flocking to America, the real promised land;
And Uncle Sam stands ready, with a child upon each arm,
To give them all a welcome to a lot upon his farm.

Then come along, etc.
A welcome, warm and hearty, do we give the sons of toil,
To come to the West and settle, and labor on free soil.

We've room enough and land enough, they need not feel alarm—
O! come to the land of freedom, and vote your-self a farm.

Then come along, etc.
Yes! we're bound to lead the nations, for our motto's "GO AHEAD!"
And we'll carry out the principles for which our fathers bled;

No monopoly of Kings and Queens, but this is the Yankee plan,
Free Trade to Emigration and Protection unto Man.

Then come along, etc.

STORIES OF THE SEA.

Thrilling Incidents During a Sea Fight Near the Brazils.

WRITTEN BY THE ATTENDING SURGEON.

In the month of August, 1828, when the war raged between Buenos Ayres, and Brazil, in South America, I found myself, with many others from the northern division of our continent, engaged on the part of the former.

Not only was there the hope of laurels to be won, our chivalry excited, and our wild oats to sow, but we had heard of, or personally witnessed, the gross conduct of Pedro towards the American Minister and Consul, carried to such an extent as obliged the former to demand his passports and return home. It was, therefore, a war of Americanism against despotism. I was made surgeon of the brig-of-war, Sampson, mounting eight guns, though a larger vessel under a different commander had been offered me. We were ordered to run down the coast and land a spy at Bahia, who was to create an insurrection among the blacks, and thus oblige the enemy to call in her fleet from the blockade of the river Plata, together with the injunction to do as much mischief as possible going and returning to anything under the green flag of Brazil.

We had proceeded thus far upon our errand, and had so well executed and obeyed our commands, that thirteen pennants from vessels of war, and a countless number of merchant flags, were displayed as proofs of our success, besides the prizes manned and sent in. The consequence of the latter trophy, however, was annoying. The manning of so many prize-vessels from our own crew, left us so reduced in strength and numbers, as to compel us to dismiss, with prisoners, a valuable vessel, the St. John, for absolute want of an officer to take charge of her. The lieutenants had taken command, one after another, of the captured vessels of war; and the master-purser, midshipmen and the masters' mates had been sent in with the merchant prizes. Our commander now stood alone, without a single sea-officer; the crew too, had necessarily become much reduced; thirty-eight men and three boys were all that remained of the gallant hundred who had left port but a few months before.

On board of one of the lately captured vessels, an Englishman, acting as supercargo, gave the intelligence of an enemy's brig-of-war, lying in port, ready to sail at a moment's warning. She was stationed here to protect the commerce—a vessel mounting eighteen guns—twenty-four pounders—and a hundred and thirty-two men. Despite this great disparity of force, our commander concluded that she might be taken by surprise—and that re-

ry hour—nay, that very moment, his design was put into execution.

The evening before that battle I remember as yesterday. Our Commodore came on deck, with the gunner, saying to him:

"You will lie to until night, with your head off shore, when I will join you with the other brig. Quarter-master where is the prize?"

"Under the lee bow, sir; she seems to have fled away."

"Man the weather main-brace; square away main-yard; board main-back; aft-sheet," were the quick commands; and in a few minutes the two vessels were again within speaking distance.

"Brig, ahoy!" No answer. "Brig, ahoy!" Louder, no answer. "Brig, ahoy!" sternly. "Answer, or I will sink you." A pause. Still no answer.

"Fore-castle, there, clear away No 2, and send your shot into their cabin to drive them from their grog."

"Ay, ay, sir."

And in a moment the loud report of a gun was heard, and the grating crash of the shot was followed by the echo reverberating along the coast of Olinda and Pernambuco.

"There's work for you, Doctor," said our Captain.

"Oh! pray, don't kill us," cried a week voice from the prize; "the men are all drunk, and what can I do?"

This came from a boy who had been left by mistake when the Brazilians were brought away.

"Put the helm down," and as if urged by one impulse, both vessels swung gracefully up into the wind. The brig-of-war kept under steerage way until the main-topsail of the prize caught aback, when she hauled up her mainsail and hove to.

The gunner went on board with his prize-crew, and sent back the fellows who had, as the boatswain's-mate said, "subjected him to extra duty with his cat."

It appeared that the prize-crew temporarily left in charge, had discovered a case of gin, and, placing it on the cabin table, had taken one or more of its square flasks, and emptied them with such diligence as to render themselves, in common parlance, "drunk as fools;" that the man from the helm had joined them, and the vessel, left "at her own sweet will," fell off before the wind—her main braces having been carelessly belayed—her main-topsail had filled away, and she was fairly running into port of her own accord.

From the blissful state of somnolence produced by the too ardent use of the ardent, one shot awoke the quartette seated around the gin-case; not that an ordinary shot thrown at random across the bow or stern, or a dozen broadsides thrown over them, could have induced a single man to stir, but this shot, having been well directed, went through the side, struck abed, which it forced through a state-room door upon the table and its snoozing guests, struck the gin-case, which it knocked to atoms, and went out at the opposite side through a well-rounded hole, with a little splintering on the outside. The men were all more or less hurt; the bed and door had bruised all on the weather side of the table, and broken pieces of glass had severely cut and lacerated those who were so fortunate as to have taken leeward seats. It seemed a miracle that no one was killed; but they were all sobered, and put under my hands instead of the boatswain's mate; their further punishment deferred until their wounds were healed, or they had redeemed their character by good conduct in action.

Before this little prelude was concluded, symptoms of approaching day had made their appearance—the heavens for a moment had brightened up—and then a deeper darkness covered the waters.
"Doctor," said my commodore, handing me the night-glass with which he had been watching the motions of the enemy's brig-of-war about ten miles to leeward of us. "Doctor, pray keep the deck half an hour for me; you are a non-combatant, and may sleep while we are at work. The brig has been told of our strength, and will probably come out and give us a chance to take her in open fight. It is too late to cut her out now, and to engage under the guns of the battery might be called rash by our rulers. After the men have had breakfast I will take her if she comes outside. Quarter-master, keep the prize on our lee-quarter, and shorten sail if you find we are getting away from her." And so saying he threw off his hat and lay down in a hammock hung for him between two of the quarter-deck guns.

"Quarter-master, Hunter," said a quarter-gunner, "what do you make of the old man? He's gone to sleep like a trooper's horse all standing, and means to wake up and fight that heavy craft the sailors of the last prize told us of. Ain't he mad?"

"Na, na," said the big-whiskered Scot, who, from being the most athletic and faithful fellow on board, was the Captain's fancy man; "na, na, if he ha to fight a wee bit it will na hurt us; we ha been playin' and scrimmagin' long enow."

"Scrimmage, is it," said Brown, the first speaker; do you call it scrimmage to take those two big letter O marks—both twice as big as us? Powder and shot! what do you call a fight, then?"

"I ca Trafalgar a fight, Aboukir a fight, when we had our eighties matched with our eighties, each choosin' a bird and peckin' at it—peckin' by the hour."

"Well, but that's no sign," said Brown; "you fought man agin man and gun agin gun; and now look at that fellow, scummin' home his topsails, and say if he ain't more nor a match for the likes of us?"

They were now joined by several of the petty officers and men, who, mustering upon the fore-castle, watched closely the enemy's movements, and gave their opinions as to the probable result of an engagement. All except Hunter were

evidently alarmed at the prospect before them, and tried hard to persuade him to join them in carrying a request to the Commander, that he would not engage an enemy of such overwhelming force.

"What for shall I gang wi' ye?" said Hunter; "I ha as many lives as the Captain, and I'll warrant we've as many friends in hell as he has."

This profound reasoning did not suit the unintellectual minds of the group, and it was determined that a boatswain's mate, captain of the fore-castle, and a marine, should compose the deputation. It was delayed until after breakfast, in the hope that it might prove unnecessary.

Meanwhile the Captain slept as soundly as if piloted on down, receiving the reports of the enemy's manoeuvres with a simple "Very well," and sleeping again.

Eight bells were reported to be struck, the sentries were relieved—the hammocks had been stowed—the decks made clean and spotless—the sails sheeted home—and everything done with as much regularity as if no enemy were in sight. The men were hardly seated round their mess-kids when the Captain stepped from under the sail which had been spread over his hammock as an awning, and casting a quick glance aloft and along the decks, touched his hat, and bade me "good morning," at the same time thanking me for the first refreshing sleep he had had for several nights, and playfully complimenting me on my skill as a sailor.

"But, Doctor," said he, "how is it you have run away from the prize? See where she is, hull down astern." The fact was, we had been so busy with our thoughts of the "morning's danger," and enemy's movements, that we had forgotten the prize altogether.

It was now, however, apparent that the brig-of-war had given up the idea of overtaking us, which had at first seemed his object, as we sailed too fast for him, and was making for our prize to console himself with it.

When the men had finished their breakfast, the word was passed "all hands make sail; clear away lower topgallant studding sails on both sides."

And away we flew down towards the enemy, who, by this time, was lying to in company with our prize, about ten miles to leeward. The hands were now ordered to clear ship for action. Yards were slung, and the clues stopped with chain grapnels carried to the yard arms; shot passed up, and every thing with a rapidity only gained by constant practice.

As my duty had heretofore confined me to the cockpit when we were in action, I felt a great curiosity to see how things went on deck for once, and accordingly asked leave to remain on deck until my services were required below. Our Commodore reluctantly consented, but recommended me to go into the maintop, where I should be out of the reach of splinters.

We were nearing the enemy fast. The deputation to wait on the Captain stood abreast the mainmast, and were backed by the greater part of the crew, some grumbling threats, some swearing, some wanting grog, others talking of taking the vessel—all loud, boisterous; in short, in open mutiny. The Captain walked steadily and composedly into their midst, struck a blow or two with the flat of his cutlass over the heads and ears of the ringleaders, who were stunned, and fell as if dead. He then ordered the men to their stations to shorten sail, and, beckoning to me, said, "Doctor, take these fellows down and bandage their heads quickly, and send them up to me; I shall want their services in about five minutes."

"Do you hear, you sirs? if you are not at your guns in five minutes, you'll hear from me again."

The wounds were dressed and the men at their posts in due time. I heard as I bound up their wounds, our commander's battle-speech. It came to my ears in a perkuman tones, being shouted through a speaking trumpet, made of very thin silver, or bell metal, never used except in actions.

"Lads! I am going to take that brig. Now, mark if you skulk—if you hang back when I call for boarders; if you let the rascally Brazilian get a foothold on this deck—I put a match to the magazine. Remember, I never yet told you a falsehood, and, as hope for God's mercy, I never will!"

This was followed by three hearty cheers from the crew, which had hardly ceased, before the command was given to take in sail, and never was the order more promptly obeyed. It seemed less than a minute before I reached the deck, when I found all done—the sails, booms and gear all down, the fore-batch and the gratings laid on.

As I reached the top, the enemy gave a broadside, which would have annihilated our vessel had it been lower; as it was, it came through the topsails, literally tearing them from their bolt-ropes. We continued our course again, having yawned to receive the salute, when he wore, and gave us his larboard battery, which, like the former, went over without material damage except to the leg of the captain of the fore-top, which it took away. Of course I left my exalted station, and that with right good will, while the wounded man coolly made a bow-line of the topgallant halliards, and lowered himself to the deck. I applied the tourniquent on deck, for he would not consent to go below. The enemy was wearing ship to give us the third broadside, when, as he fell off stern to, we opened, raking with grape and canister, and as he came to the wind, he had fore-reached, so that his shot went aback, and our bow came abreast his mainmast. Our grapnels secured him. The mariners on the fore-castle soon drove his men from the after division, while ours gave it, well-told, under his quarter. This was but for a

moment. He rallied, and prepared to board over our bows; we called, and repelled boarders; but his numbers were yet too great to admit of our following him. Again he rallied and boarded—got possession of the bowsprit-rigging and fore-castle. Our commander—in a while-hat, to distinguish him—was left alone to keep back the enemy, for the men had fled aft, took a gun-match as he passed along, and shouted, "Go forward, for your lives, or this goes to the magazine."

The men cheered, and, with a rush, drove the enemy from the decks—some back to their vessel, some into the sea. Ours followed the former, and a brisk rattling of small arms and clashing of cutlasses ensued. The cannon were left unmanned, excepting that of Quarter-master Hunter, which every now and then would heave in a coolly-directed shot, which was sure to tell. He sent two shots into his rudder, one sticking between the rudder and the stern-post, rendering her helm useless.

An officer of the enemy threw a boarding-pike at our Captain, which whizzed close to him, and fixed itself in the bowsprit-butto. It was drawn from thence and returned with awful interest, taking the officer in the back of the neck, and literally pinning him to the deck.

The battle continued in this way from ten to fifteen minutes, when, after a third unsuccessful attempt to board us, the quarter-deck appeared to be thinned, and our Captain, followed only by the carpenter, climbing over her bulwarks, leaped down upon her deck. The former looked like any thing but a commander; a grape-shot had traveled across his shoulders, taking skin and flesh with suspenders, shirt and coat. He had to put his hand to the bleeding wound, and afterwards, in loading his pistols, had got them covered with powder; wiping the perspiration from his face, at intervals, he had covered himself with blood and powder without knowing it. The small arms had taken off his hat, cut his sabre from the becket which hung to his wrist, and ripped up and torn his pantaloons. But all unaccounted as he was, he found himself in the presence of the full-dressed Captain of the enemy, towards whom he rushed for a death-grapple. But the latter had had enough of fighting; one of Hunter's splinters had knocked away his right hand, his officers were all either dead or wounded, and he could not get his marines to come from under cover of the berth-deck, whence they were firing as fast as they could load.

With his left hand, the Brazilian Captain presented his cutlass, and said, as he surrendered, "Order your men to cease firing."

"Away, there!" shouted our Captain; "away, there!" Boarders, away!—Graybeards and idlers, stock and fluke, board from the brig!"

At this summons, some fifteen of our men went over the side in double